

HOW TOMMY WAS CURED OF CRYING



GERTRUDE MITCHELL WAITE

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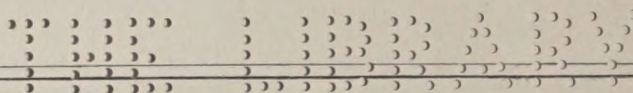
HOW TOMMY WAS CURED OF CRYING

AND OTHER RHYMES

FOR THE LITTLE ONES

BY
GERTRUDE R. MITCHELL WAITE

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GERTRUDE R. MITCHELL WAITE
AUTHOR



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How Tommy was Cured of Crying.

It was Tuesday, and Tommy was crying;
Not a strange thing for Tommy to do,
For Tommy was usually crying,
From an old cause or a new.

He cried when he woke in the morning;
He cried when he went to bed;
He cried if you did him a favor;
Oh the quarts of tears that he shed!

But where he cried loudest and longest
Was close at his mother's side,
With his head hid in her apron,
Though no moans could that garment hide.

There, sobbing and wailing, poor Tommy
Would cry to his heart's content,
And tease for the thing that he wanted
Till his strength was well-nigh spent.

Poor Tommy! the pet of the fam'ly
Ruled all with an iron hand.
He was well-nigh king of a nation,
A king of a mighty land.



One day it so chanced that Tommy
Some bread and syrup craved;
He must have it then, upon the spot,
And wailed, and cried, and raved

Till his over-patient mother
A huge slice placed in his hand.
“More ’lasses!” wailed Tommy outright;
“As much as there is in the land.”

Not one single moment stayed she,
But contents of dish and all
She poured on his bread and butter;
Then Tommy was sent in the hall.



But not in the hall did he linger,
But out though the garden gate,
He went 'till he reached the oak-tree—
An old favorite seat to take.

It was here he loved to listen,
And watch the geese in the pond,
Or play with the greedy poultry
Of which he was over fond.



But just as he found himself seated,
The syrup-like golden hail,
Dropped over his hands and apron,
And Tommy began to wail.

His cries failed to reach the family,
Very much to his surprise,
And he stopped to think over the matter,
And stifled his piercing cries.

He crammed his bread and butter
Half into his mouth in a trice,
'Till what yet remained in his hand
Was far less than half the slice.

So, while he was eating profoundly,
His head went back 'gainst the tree,
And he listened to hear strange voices
'Though no one around could he see.

What was it now that was happening?
He was drawn through the smallest hole,
Down at the foot of the oak tree,
Through a dampness so dark and cold!

He fell like the weight of a feather,
He sailed like a leaf through the air.
He tried to look 'round about him,
But his eyes held a vacant stare!

At length he was landed abruptly
At the brink of a crystal lake.
His eyes beheld his surroundings—
A sight he could not mistake!

For above him and 'round about him
Were small, queer-looking men.
So many he could not count them;—
More than a dozen and ten!

They looked like wee elves in the pictures,
Right out of his fairy-tale books.
They wore such queer green jackets;
Had no hair, and such funny looks!

How Tommy was Cured of Crying.

They danced all about poor Tommy,
They laughed at his syrup and bread.
They rolled him about in the rushes,
And pulled at his bright golden head.



Poor Tommy, so well used to crying,
Was well-nigh about to explode;
He felt great tears on his eyelids,
And a lump on his heart like a load;
Till at last, without any effort,
Poor Tommy began to cry;
His wails sounded out o'er the waters,
And rolled like thunder by,

Till after he'd long stopped crying
The echoes and reëchoes came,
And Tommy could not help listening
With something akin to shame.



The queer little men, too, listened,
And shuddered with each piercing cry,
As wail upon wail of Tommy's
In echo went rolling by.

The leader, more huge than the others,
Came close to Tommy, forlorn,
And said in a voice tremendous:
“We’ve heard *that* since you were born.



“We live in this cave 'neath the oak tree;
We've lived here many a year,
And were always happy together
Till your cries deafened each ear;

“For your roars are like the thunder;
Your wails the earth have shook;
And your tears, like a mighty river,
Have washed out the oak tree's root.

“It's through that wash-out we dragged you,
Right down here into our cave;
And it's here we intend to keep you
Until you agree to behave.

“But before we dare to trust you,
You must stand by that post just there,
And hold your mouth wide open
And let your eyes have a stare.

“Not a tear must bedim your eyelids,
Not a sob must you dare repeat;
No more of this crying for ‘Mamma,
I want something more to eat.’



“For we’ll fill you so full in a minute
You’ll never be hungry again:
You’ll grow as large as a camel—
A wonder to all living men.”

How Tommy was Cured of Crying.

After these terrible statements

Were made by the leader, then all
Reached for their guns beside them,
Quite loaded with cartridge and ball.

Not hard leaden balls or bullets,

But food made up in a roll,
Prepared on purpose for Tommy
And others whom they must control.



They took quick aim at poor Tommy;
They aimed at his mouth quite direct,
And surprised this wailing youngster
By hitting it very correct.

They fired away without mercy;
They shot at him without rest;
They filled his mouth full of candies;
With jelly plastered his breast;

Then mush and milk followed after;
Yes, strawberries, too, and cream,
They still fired at him such dainties
Of which Tommy never had dreamed.



He felt his wee stomach grow larger,
Almost to an elephant's size:
He must swallow fast of this mixture—
So fast he must blink both his eyes.

How Tommy was Cured of Crying.

He longed to cry out, "I'm too full!"

But if once he should try to speak,
His mouth was shot full of the mixture,
And he could utter never a squeak.



At last, so full was poor Tommy
That the food dropped from his mouth;
So full and so stiff was his body,
He could turn neither northward nor south.

He wondered vainly within him,
And thought, "Why, this is the way
My papa fed the turkey
We killed on Thanksgiving Day!

"Perhaps they're going to feed me
And kill me just like that,
After they've kept me longer,
Till they think I'm nice and fat!

"And then I shall not see papa,
Or dear mamma any more,
Or holler down the rain-barrel,
Or slide down the cellar-door.

"I know I've been very naughty;
I wish I'd always been good;
I think if they'd only try me,
Next time I surely should."

Perhaps these queer little people
Could read his thoughts through and through,
For they stopped then to look at Tommy,
And find if his meaning were true.

"What's that you say, Master Tommy!"
One round-headed fellow cried;
"You think you can stop your howling
If only we'll let you try?"

"All right!" cried the leader loudly;
"We'll try him again, you see;
We'll put him back where we found him,
At the foot of that old oak tree;

How Tommy was Cured of Crying.

“But when next he dares by his crying
To cause us such trouble and pain,
We’ll take him again to this cavern,
And he’ll never get out again.”

At that together they seized him,
And hurled him high o’er their heads;
They left him once more at the oak tree,
Where he fell as heavy as lead.



With a start, he opened his eyelids
And looked in wonder around:
The poultry were picking the bread-crumbs
That were lying about on the ground.

And some of the ones most daring
Had walked up close to his side,
And taken a piece of his luncheon
And walked off in triumph and pride.



But the one of the poultry most envied
Was the one bold and daring—in truth,
He'd walked up quite close to Tommy
And taken the piece from his mouth.

Then up jumped our frightened Tommy
And ran like a shot to the house;
But never a cry did he utter,
And he entered as still as a mouse.

How Tommy was Cured of Crying.

For weeks and weeks his kind parents
Were sure their Tommy was ill,
For never once since that awful day
Had he gone against their will.

As to Tommy, he never could visit
The fowls as he used to do,
For the sight of that tree made him shudder,
And the thoughts of those men made him blue.



OLD WOMAN OF SCHLEM.

There was an old woman of Schlem,
Who thought she would bake her a gem,
So she used sand for flour,
Beat it all with great power,
And sang, "Beat-a-hi-rum-tum-tem."



WEE MAIDEN OF THRUM.

There was a wee maiden in Thrum,
Who always did chew at her thumb.

Her mouth it was small,
But it held her thumb all,
And she ate at no meat but her thumb.

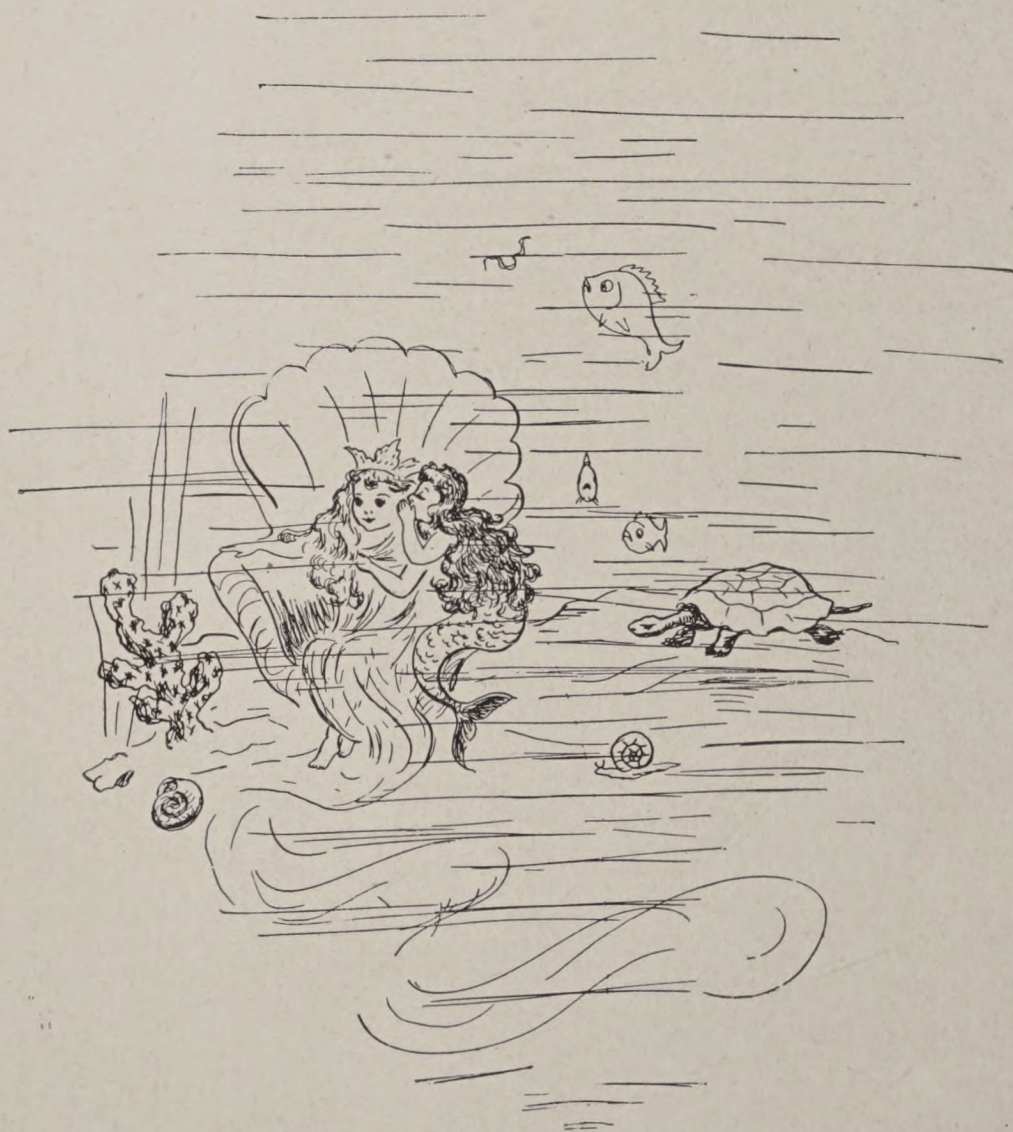
HOW WE CAME TO HAVE SUNFLOWERS.

ONCE, as all stories are apt to begin,
There dwelt a fair maiden, a stranger to sin.

Her home was a cave deep down in the sea,
And she was as fair as fair could be.

Blue were her eyes as the heavens above,
Shining like stars, full of tender love.

Her friends were the mermaids, the serpent, and fish,
Who were so devoted that her every wish

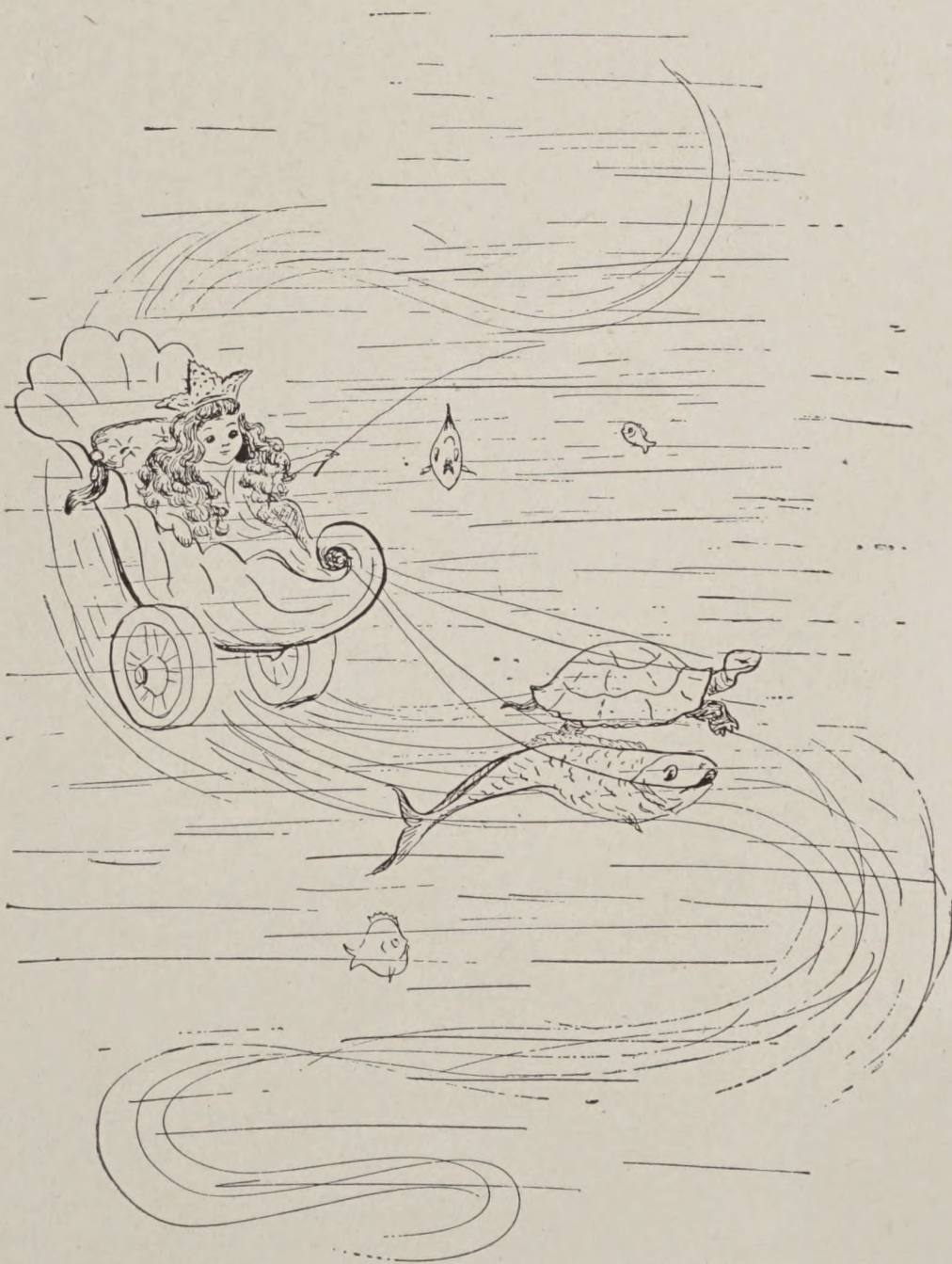


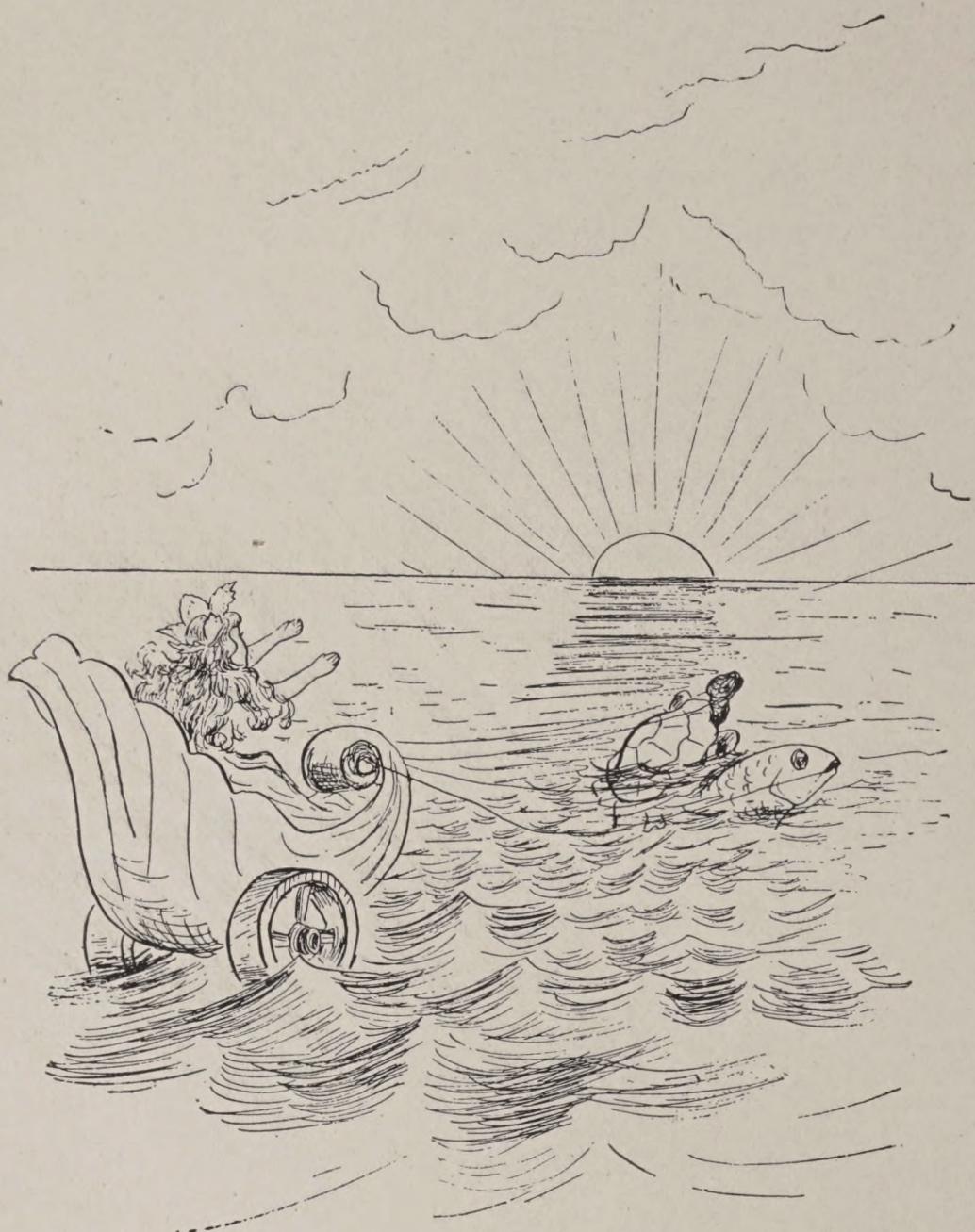
They knew ere this maiden could utter a word;
And gladly 'twas granted with one accord.

One day a fair mermaid, who happened to be
The most favored mermaid in all the sea,

A secret confided, that up, far above,
There dwelt a great king. She said, "He's called Love."

She said that his face turned darkness to light
Whenever he rose from a long, dark night.





And Sea Queen—for that was this maiden so fair—
Wished, oh, how she wished that she might be there!

At last from their frolic a turtle and fish
Returned to this Sea Queen, and learning her wish,

With sly little winks and hearts full of pride
Agreed upon giving their Sea Queen a ride.

The fish chanced to be gold and the turtle was brown;
Together they made a team safe and sound.

32 How We Came to Have Sunflowers.

Her carriage, a shell with a high rolling back,
And the road was a current with silvery track.

At last so enhancing this road through the sea,
That Sea Queen in dreamland was soon found to be.

Nor did she awake till, far from her home,
Near the top of the water, a voice cried, "He's come!"

And turning with wonder and awe-staring eyes,
She saw the great king from his hiding-place rise.

So warm was his smile and so bright was his beam,
That darkness took flight and the stars were called in.

Now Sea Queen straightway fell in love with this king,
And she wished—how she wished to be made like him!

His beautiful eye drew her face toward the sky,
And she begged to be made like his brightness so high.

At last, being tired, he sank down to rest,
Far, far from her sight in the rose-tinted west.

But ere he departed (all quite in his power),
He made of this Sea Queen a golden sunflower.

And as such we have known her since early youth,
And loved her, and cherished her, and, in truth,

Ne'er tire of watching her love for the sun
In his long, pleasant journey and the race he hath run.

So fond is this flower of her king that's on high,
That from his bright face she ne'er takes her eye.

And thus we may see her, turning east and then west,
From the time the sun rises till he seeks his long rest.

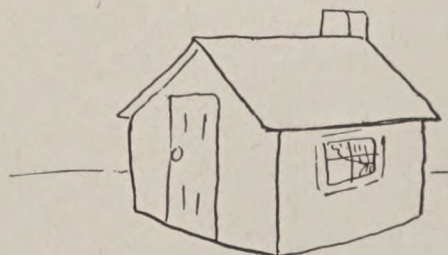


When Papa Comes Home.



WHEN PAPA COMES HOME.

My papa has gone 'way out to sea,
But he's coming back again to me.
He's going to bring me such beautiful things—
A sugar doll and candy on strings;
Some silk dresses and such pretty shoes;
A big play-house that is fit to use.
All these things will surely be mine
When my papa comes back home, you mind.





JOHNNY AND HIS GUN.

LITTLE John went out to shoot
 With a tiny gun;
 He hoped to kill a little bird,
 And also have some fun.

A tiny bird up on a tree
 [And Johnny says 'tis true]
 Sang: "Ter ral ral dum dee dum dee;
 I see your gun—I do, I do;
 Ter ral ral dum dee.



"But you can't shoot—not you, not you;
 Ter ral ral dum dee;
 You fear that gun—you do, you do;
 Ter ral ral dum dee.

"An elephant *you* couldn't hit;
 Ter ral ral dum dee;
 For you have so little wit;
 Ter ral ral dum dee.

"I'm tiny, don't you see I am?
 Ter ral ral dum dee;
 Just hit me, if you think you can;
 Ter ral ral dum dee."



Johnny and His Gun.

So Johnny tried with all his might,
As nearly all boys will,
To hit the bird that was in sight,
But oh, he missed him still!

He shot the lead all from his gun;
Boo-hoo! boo-hoo! hoo! hoo!
He missed the bird and lost his fun;
Boo-hoo! boo-hoo! hoo! hoo!



BABY'S RIDE.

TROT, trot, away goes my horse;
Baby is crying and mamma is cross;
Gallop up and gallop down,
Over the hills and through a town.

THE SUNSHINE FAIRY.

I AM a little sunshine fairy;
My name it is just Ray;
My home is in the sun up there,
And on cloudless days I play.

I slide down on the sunbeams,
I frolic here and there,
My eyes the brightest ever seen,
And my hair is golden fair.

If I touch the flowers they all awake,
The tiny leaves spring up,
I unchain th' brook from ice and snow,
And dry the lily cup.

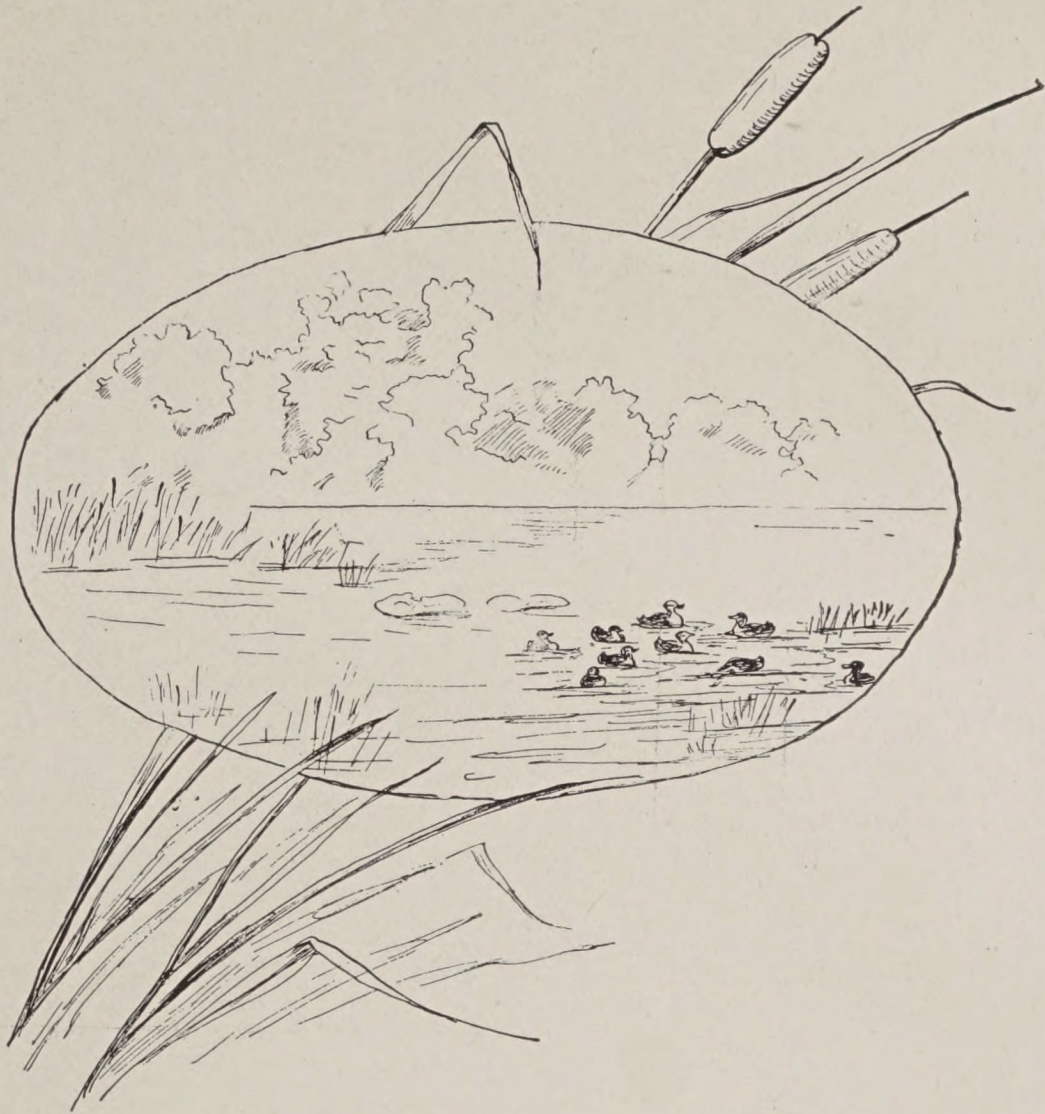
I call the birds the first of all
From homes in bush and tree,
And then they all begin to sing,
For each of them loves me.

I kiss the fruit upon the trees;
I drink the morning dew;
I carry water to the clouds
That falls in rain to you.

And so you see, my little friends,
I'm busy all the day;
I've very little time, indeed,
To spend in idle play.

But on a cloudy day, you know,
I hide my face awhile,
And that is why on dark, dark days
I'm never seen to smile.





MRS. DUCKLING'S PARTY.

MRS. DUCKLING gave a party
At the end of the summer-time;
All the ducks and geese were there,
And all the swans, you mind.

They met in a shady corner,
In a bend of the river where
Never a hot sunbeam could reach
To scorch their feathers fair.

Their lunch was the fattest insects
Which they found about their feet,
And their drink was the most refreshing
Of the running river deep.

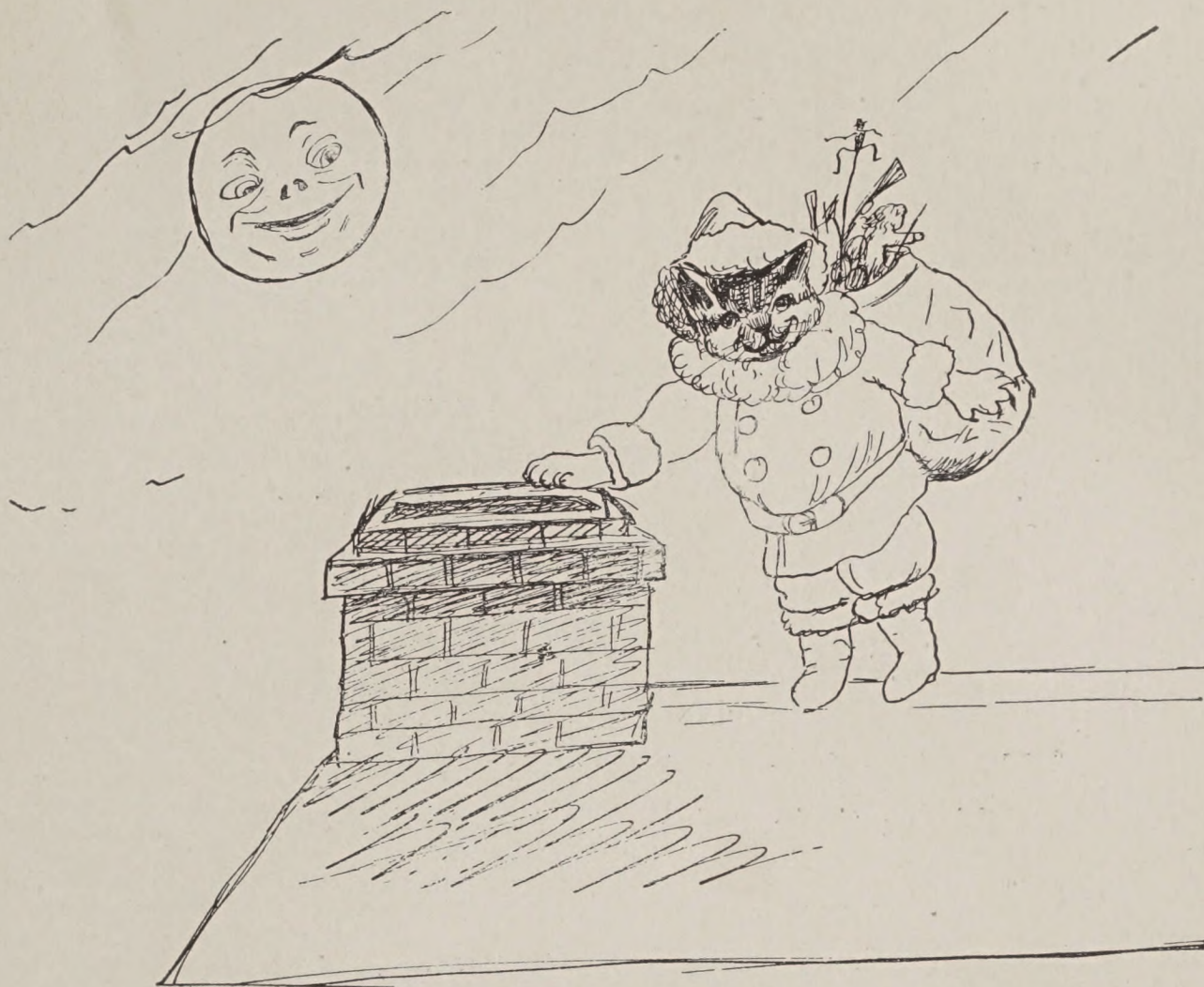
They sailed all about in the water,
And were having a time so gay,
'Till a hunter and his spaniel
Chanced to pass that way.

Bang! bang! went the hunter's gun.
Pounce! into the stream went the dog.
"Quack! quack!" said Mrs. Duckling
As she dove beneath a log.

But she could not escape the spaniel,
So she met a sad, sad fate;
And the hunter took her home that night,
Where he dined in hearty state.

But the rest of the Duckling party
Escaped the dog and the gun,
For they flew far away from the river,
From their swimming and their fun.





A SANTA CLAUS CAT.

You've heard of cats and you've heard of dogs
Who were all of them very wise;
You've heard how they talk and make graceful bows,
While laughter beams from their eyes.

But my dear grandpa, he knows of a cat—
And he says that the story is true—
Who dressed all up like Santa Claus,
With toys both funny and new.

He tramped all about from house to house,
And over the roofs he did crawl
As soft as could be, though you may not believe
He did it with never a fall.

“But the funniest thing,” grandpa says with a laugh,
“Is the thing that he did in a trice—
As he climbed down the chimney as still as could be,
And found a nice nest full of mice.”





He threw down his pack and gave them a race,
And caught each one by the tail;
And the way he jerked them this way and that
Made all of those little mice wail.

Then he took a nice nap, on a cushion so soft,
By the side of the fireplace bright,
And liked it so well he thought he would stay,
And give all the mice a great fright.

So he hung up his pack, all filled full of toys,
In place of the stockings he found,
And next morning was roused, by sounds of great glee,
From the nap he was taking so sound.

For a wee little girl, in a night-dress white,
Was more pleased with the cat she found there
Than with all of the toys, the candies and things,
And the dolls or her picture books rare.

And there to this day that cat may be found,
So white and so sleek and so fat;
And were you to ask him, I know he would say
He's a jolly and fat old cat.





THE FUNNY OLD MAN.

A FUNNY old man went out to shoot,
 And shot all the lead from his gun;
 He killed every duck that came in sight,
 And called it, oh, such fun!

At last this old man was met by a bear,
 And he had no more lead, you see,
 So he gave a cry like a frightened babe,
 And climbed up the nearest tree.

And there he sat, and sat, and sat,
 And shivered and shook away,
 And if he's not gone or eaten up
 He surely is there to this day.

THE NOISES ON GRANDPA'S FARM.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

Cries the rooster on the farm;
Cluck! cluck! cluck! cluck!
Do my chicks no harm.

Moo! moo! moo! moo!
The cows and the calves have come;
Buz-z! buz-z! buz-z! buz-z!
Thrash machine doth hum.

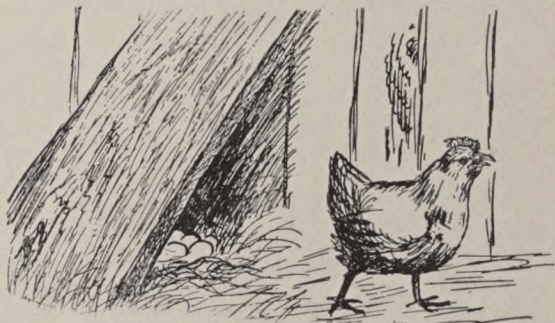
Ugh! ugh! ugh! ugh!
The pig in the sty doth squeal;
Quack! quack! quack! quack!
The duck is after meal.

Gobble! gobble! gobble! gobble!
The gobbler sees some red;
Bow-wow! mew! mew!
The dog chased the cat in the shed.

Ba-a! ma-a! ba-a! ma-a!
The sheep and lambs do bleat;
Cut-cut-ca-da-cut!
My eggs are nice and sweet.

Quack, ba-a, gobble, buz,
Cock-a-doodle-doo,
Bow-wow, cluck, ugh,
Ma-a, mew, moo.

These are the noises, one and all,
You hear without alarm,
Whenever you go to stay awhile
And visit on grandpa's farm.





PUSSY AND THE BIRD.

“Fol der rol der ree,
Fol der rol der ree,”

Sang a birdie up in a tree.

“Fol der rol der ree, fol rol der ree;
I see pussy, but he can’t see me.”



THE BABY AND THE STAR.

LITTLE star, O little star,
Sparkling and fair,
Tell me, O you little star,
How you came up there?
Were you once a diamond
On this earth below,
Sparkling, as my mamma's does,
With a pretty glow?
Or was her pretty diamond
Once a shining star,
Filling all the earth below,
Sparkling from afar?



WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS.

FIVE o'clock, six o'clock,
Seven o'clock I say;
It's time little children
Were in dreamland far away.

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